

Things Keep Their Secrets

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My country had been rather poor in the domain of visual arts for a long time. As late as in 1857 an eminent exile critic –Julian Klaczko, the then exiled author collaborating intensely with the famous Parisian magazine *La Revue des Deux Mondes*– could claim that in Poland, a northern country, only music and poetry were able to flourish, not painting or sculpture, these being capable of thriving only in the European South where the clement nature itself invited human eye and hand to a beautiful competition with God. Just then, or a few years later, a new generation of artists came into being who passionately exerted themselves in producing canvases and sculptures. But Polish aristocrats, many of them immensely wealthy, still preferred to collect Italian painting... When you walk through the very interesting permanent gallery of Polish XX century art in the Krakow National Museum you're all the time divided between an admiration for some strikingly original talent and impatience with artists who all too literally followed examples from Paris and Berlin (actually two northern capitals, if one bothers to look at a map).

The industrial city in Silesia in which I grew up (its name is Gliwice –my American friends ask me for help when they need to pronounce this difficult for them sound) was even worse off both in the realm of visual arts and music. A pathetic operetta ensemble playing eternal hits by Franz Lehar and other giants of the light muse stood for the inexistent philharmonics. And yet in the nondescript gray building sheltering this boring institution I had once an inkling of my future musical adventures and passions: *Drei Maederl um Schubert* was the title of a Singspiel –if my memory doesn't fail me– that exposed the legend of Franz Schubert, one of the greatest geniuses of melody creation ever, even if



here he was seen in a rather banal scenery, a perfectly domesticated bachelor, a rather shallow guy (but the portraits of Schubert we know show him in similar Biedermeier light).

And visual arts were not much better off. There were some painters in my city and one of the buildings in the small but on some days quite charming Central Square housed the local chapter of the national association of visual artists. The most known among the Gliwice artists was an energetic lady who incessantly delivered plenty of homespun landscapes representing local churches, streets and parks (P. Acedanska). This was in itself a pioneer activity insofar as this very city had just then changed its nationality. Because the borders shifted, Gliwice, beforehand a part of Germany, and called Gleiwitz, was incorporated into the new, postwar Communist Poland. Its churches, streets and parks had been certainly represented hundreds of times before by German or Prussian brushes (or even, probably, by some Polish ones, as the city before the WW 2 had a significant Polish minority). But now these older canvases either burned down or were taken by German refugees to Bavaria or Rhineland where –in the complex economy of remembering and forgetting– they must have played an important role of sentimental keepsakes. In the same way canvases and watercolors, and photographs from Lvov were indispensable nourishment for the never-ending nostalgia of those who had to leave this beautiful, Baroque city. There was an urgent need to re-represent local churches, streets and parks... to make them exist doubly, not only on the retina of the newcomers' eyes but also on some permanent material support so that the pressure of old memories, of images of the lost city of Lvov does not strangle the fragile new

life in the new place, in the streets no one loved. Our city craved for representation, for colors and sounds and words too... Our city was naked, or felt naked; its portraits disappeared; it needed help, needed new dress. Artists and poets were desperately needed.

Some connection existed, as I learned much later, between the provincial city of Gliwice and the international avant-garde movement; Hans Bellmer, author of daring, original dolls, somebody who participated in the Surrealist movement, had links with the city.

A lot had changed: in 1955, 56 the worst of Stalinism came to an end, a more humane variation of Communism emerged –still very far from a free, democratic society but at least much less murderous than its predecessor. Yet another hiatus occurred in the century that had gone through so many of them. The century had face covered with deep scars. What was *Bildung* in such a capricious environment? Could you still use this elegant notion, forged in peaceful German university towns? *Bildung* was apparently covered with scars as well... My schools were infected by the most simplified version of the Marxist thought: history was over, the imperfect, strange, sinful bourgeois society was dead or dying and a new world had just been inaugurated, an easygoing, pleasant society where laughing workers exchanged innocent glances with young peasant girls and equally young party activists explained something to a group of older people, probably trying to convey to them the joyful message: the nightmare of human suffering has finally ended, now let's sing and dance. The original sin has been cancelled. The change resembled the passage from the dark brown colors of the historic paintings of French or German schools to the bright pastels of Degas and even brighter paintings by Matisse. From William

Bouguereau to Henri Matisse, what a leap! What was Bildung supposed to do in this unexpected context?

The change of political climate which happened around 1956 made it possible –among many other things– for French Impressionists to invade, with their luminosity, with their flowers and Ile de France landscapes, the much darker space of my Silesian city. The same political thaw which had transformed a rigid Stalinist regime into a more tolerant though still Communist system had as its harbinger a sudden explosion of jazz–both the older, New Orleans style jazz as well as several modes of modern jazz. In Warsaw and in Krakow there was another explosion of music: Witold Lutoslawski, Krzysztof Penderecki, Henryk Gorecki and other composers celebrated the end of the Stalinist nightmare with the opening up of their style. Still, not them but Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan, Miles Davies entered in triumph the gates of my city. One of my classmates trained intensely as a jazz drummer; I had some English so during more boring courses I would translate for him articles on Max Roach and other famous US drummers, my only salary for this being my satisfaction that at least in the subordinate capacity (subordinate clause) of a translator I was able to join the new musical world.

These were for me first signals –imperfect indeed– that the world of art existed. Easily debased by trivial use (Van Gogh's Sunflowers' reproduction for instance, the reproduction of this incredible painting which was an ardent appeal of the flowers' zest for life, became favorite decoration of many rooms, soon covered by dust and indifference) they nonetheless were witnessing the existence of something better, of art. For a long time I was growing up within a binary system where

everything that mattered in the public space (I except here private life, the life of family –but even this was frequently invaded by the omnipresent state) was divided between the suffocating political system and a rigid Catholic church; the territory that the Church offered seemed so much better than the narrow ideological field proposed by the Communist state. The Communist proposition –this was obvious– could only be reinforced by the frantic activity of the political police. And so it was, as it became absolutely apparent when the archives of the German Stasi, Polish SB, Czech secret police, etc., etc. were opened after 1989. Yet living in the cage of a binary system, between the Party and the Church, had its limits; art, even when experienced only through very modest means of reproductions sold in local bookstores and through musical records (plus some live jazz concerts) presented something like a third option, like a solution to the dilemma everybody faced then.

There were many books in my parents' apartment. My father had also a strong interest in painting. Whenever he traveled –which became possible to some extent after 1956– he would visit museums and galleries. I remember his early visit in the Dresden's Zwinger and some art books he was able to bring home. He acquired a good knowledge of European and Polish painting but never trusted himself to develop any generalizations having to do with art; he kept a mystical terseness as far as art was concerned. But sometimes, much later, when he'd visit us in Paris in the eighties or in the nineties, a remark uttered by him in the Musée d'Orsay or in the Louvre would suddenly betray somebody who knew a lot about both the technique and history of Western art. And my grandfather on the pater-



nal side was, before the WW2, when he could afford it, a modest art collector. Before he departed from Lvov –expelled from this city by the decree of history– he got rid of most of his treasures. I never knew why.

But there was no music at home, no passion for music, no records; my parents were philistines, I told myself (maybe I told them as well, it's quite possible –I used to be cheeky then). Which was unjust, of course.

So here I was, with my jazz records, with my early ecstasies provoked by endless saxophone solos, by Charlie Parker's improvisations which were breathless and bold like arrows in flight, by Dave Brubeck's amorphous sonatas of inspiration. Jazz slowly led to my discovery of classical music; each record I'd buy was a bar in the ladder whose upper end disappeared in the clouds and whose basis stood right next to me, stubbornly posed against the wooden floor. My search for new records was completely (or almost completely) random. My choices were limited by my minimal then musical erudition but also by the miserable choice of 78s and LPs I could find in musical store. This was not a buyer's market, for sure. The Schumann *Konzertsüeck for piano*, which I listened to so many times that I can't stand it, now was among my first favorites. Rakhmaninov's *Preludes*, delicate and soft, too. And Brahms first Piano Concerto played by Witold Malcuzynski, a Polish pianist, with its splendid, majestic opening which was like a proclamation that a new planet has been found out. Later came Beethoven's symphonies and so much more music, long rivers of music from different centuries. Chopin's mazurkas would be played on the radio for patriotic reasons but this did not tame his music. Also, after a long while, I became acquainted with the paradoxical sound of

Mahler's symphonies where military marches coexisted with lyric strings like diverse components of a great city where behind noisy markets one could come across quiet streets and gardens that contemplated themselves in silence. Much before the arrival of Gustav Mahler though there came the regal Johann Sebastian Bach; for example his *Mass in B minor* on an East German vinyl plate, recorded in Dresden, I think; trumpets sounded here almost like the famous trumpet in Stravinsky's *Petroushka*, also one of my early enchantments. And the Kyrie went on forever, forever...

What was it, this experience of listening to music, of looking at pictures? And was there any connection to poetry, to poems in general and to my poems in particular? Did these moments belong to the usual time, the same time the clock on the tower of the municipal hall announced with a boring reliability? Were these things, these events, and a part of my city? What would Parmenides say? How would Heraclites comment on them? [“Seekers of wisdom first need sound intelligence”, fragment 49 - or: “Things keep their secrets”, fragment 10] These instants were holes in the surface of ordinary life. Holes in the texture of days. But unlike holes in a dress burned out by cigarettes or eaten up by moths which after all represented a disaster for the dress owner, these chinks, these apertures seemed more valuable than the fabric itself—they were like Venetian windows in a most conventional building.

For a young person these windows were a source of happiness and amazement. Also confusion. They made me happy. They confused me. A black disk of a LP with a Beethoven string quartet was a most unusual object: it pulsed all the time; it changed much more than a chameleon. Sometimes, when I was tired or preoccu-

pied with dozens of other things, with my homework for the school, with conflicts with my parents (who tried to make out of me an engineer; I was supposed to follow my father's career), it was just a flat black vinyl object, banal like a road kill, utterly uninteresting. And then, on a different day, it would become the center of my world, a shiny disc that could almost compete with the glowing disc of the sun... It would transform my mood, open before me something new, something, for which I had no name.

Similarly behaved paintings and sculptures though that process took me more time; reproductions rarely had the force of the original. I could see this much even before I read Walter Benjamin. It was in Krakow museums, in Krakow which was my college town, the refuge to which I escaped from the provincial waters of the post-German city, that I first got mesmerized by pictures, in the Czartoryski gallery and in the National Museum. And, much later, in so many galleries in Europe and in the USA; I remember standing for a long time in front of *Vermeer's View of Delft in the Hague*. I remember the moment where the clouds on this canvas started to move like great ships, when the chiaroscuro of that cityscape became more alive than the real environment of the museum. Or the moment in the Washington National Gallery where I looked at Picasso's *Famille des Saltimbanques* (vaguely reminiscing that Rainer Maria Rilke spent several months with this great picture –was it in the Herta Koenig's apartment?) and suddenly I understood everything about human life; I knew everything about each member of the acrobats' family, I knew their secret thoughts and their desires, the ardor and ambition of the young man and the limitless fatigue of the old acrobat who lost the

capacity to pretend, to fly, to personify and was ready to be transformed into an object, a rock. And now, years and years after this illumination, that was of course helped (or hindered) by Rilke's *Fifth Duino Elegy*, I can't remember my wisdom that came to me that day. Quite recently, in the Prado, *Las Meninas*, this masterpiece, opened for me and again there was this magical moment when you knew so much, when the position of one of the figures on which apparently Balthus modeled the bearing of some of his girls suddenly built for me a bridge between the 17th century and our time, a bridge so solid, so large and so well constructed that for a second I was asking myself: was it Balthus who influenced Velazquez or Velazquez who impacted Balthus? The temporary ignorance concerning the direction of the influence was extremely exhilarating. It didn't matter at all who influenced whom. Also, there was another bridge, a different one, or maybe not a bridge but a strange equation or a rainbow: the clown in the painting, the dwarf, the grotesque underworld of the right lower corner of the painting exchanged a kind of electricity with the most serious and beautiful human faces in other parts of the picture, with the painter's self-representation, with the royal couple in the back section, with the princess Margarita-thus underscoring the fragile structure of the human world, strange links between monsters and beauties.

Great paintings, great galleries, masterpieces... But I've also known and accompanied contemporary artists, living and struggling ones: in Krakow I befriended a group of painters (Wprost, or Directly), Zbysław Grzywacz (who died in 2004), Jacek Waltos, Leszek Sobocki, and could witness their development, their discussions, the frankness of their judgments (so much



more sincere than what poets tell each other in respect to their work). All of them tried to capture the specific reality of their (and mine) whereabouts, of our strange world. Much later I met Avigdor Arikha, a great Israeli painter living and working in Paris, and Miquel Barcelo, the amazingly talented artist born in Mallorca and could admire their deftness in dealing with shapes and colors, their passion, their commitment to art.

In the seventies I was a young and serious poet fascinated by a newly discovered task and possibility: along with my peers I realized that poetry can utter an important word in the social –and political– context. One of my friends wrote a poem *The greatest Polish poet is the state* –and so it was indeed. Communist state was a poet, not a very talented one, neither a well educated one; its imagination was tiny, its choice of tropes and topoi very limited, its expression poor and yet it was very prolific and powerful in the use of any kind of means of production –and of media. Its writings had enormous circulation, its sayings found their way to the smallest village. The question for old and young writers alike was: how to behave in the presence of this weird creature, a state that was a poet? How to write having such a monstrous being as a next-door neighbor.

One of my first books was a literary-political manifesto co-authored by the same friend of mine who noticed the state's poetic gift (Julian Kornhauser), *The Non-represented World*. The book was almost as eccentric as the monster whose comportment it in some way reflected –through negation and opposition. Young authors criticized in it the phenomenon of a very refined literature existing in the crude environment of a post-Stalinist country.

A few words of explanation are needed here: unlike other countries of the Eastern bloc, Poland enjoyed the aesthetic freedom. To put it differently: around 1956 the normative doctrine of socialist realism was abolished in my country but not in the Soviet Union itself, not in East Germany, Bulgaria or Czechoslovakia. It meant that Polish poets and novelists could employ any kind of literary aesthetic, they could write like Surrealists or Expressionists, they could invest their passion into concrete poetry or, let's say, "le nouveau roman", anything. To the western reader it seems obvious: right, they could. Everybody can. But not, it's not true at all; for a writer living in Leningrad or East Berlin it was far from obvious. In East Germany, for instance, even in the eighties, party's aesthetic guidelines were still there, untouched by any revisionism, unsoftened (which accounts for the reasons why a pseudo-spontaneous poetry movement, the Prenzlauer Berg group, instigated in fact by the political police, made sense for the generals who invented and sponsored it; an extremely curious occurrence, one of its kind indeed and probably not known enough in the wider literary community –not as famous infamous rather– as it deserves to be). In the sixties and in the seventies Polish authors enjoyed the aesthetic freedom without enjoying the political one. There were many themes they couldn't touch upon (they couldn't openly criticize any Communist holy objects nor any Communist heroes, they couldn't write truthfully about the modern history of Europe and of their own country, and of themselves for that matter, they were subjected to a quite severe preventive censorship). And yet they benefited from the aesthetic freedom. The combination of literary freedom and political unfreedom was quite uncanny –and this very combination was the target of

The Non-represented World. The book argued (the argument had to be veiled to some degree, couldn't have been completely open) that in the situation of asymmetrical liberties some attention had to be given to the political and social frame within which one lived.

In the seventies too there was a lot of debating about the relationship between ethics and aesthetic in literature; it was the foremost subject of literary polemics. (It's still discussed in many countries.) It seemed to us that the realm of poetry (and maybe fiction too) was hopelessly divided into two different kinds of writing: either one could turn one's back to the painful realm of conflicts having mostly political character or embrace it. It seemed to us, younger writers –the older ones faced similar qualms– that there was a painful choice that each of us had to consider carefully and sooner or later make up his mind: to be on the side of the aesthetic option, i.e. to write fancy poems ignoring the real world, the world of the everyday life and of difficult moral and political dilemmas, or to stand on the less attractive and less frivolous side of the divide and to write socially responsible poems/books –and maybe pay an important price for that; because, we knew somehow even if we didn't want to formulate it, becoming socially and politically responsible involved, we thought, a relative loss of creative power, meant a tilt toward didactic posture, could be a bit heavy and a bit boring –and, so it seemed, also was susceptible to the predicament of all politically charged writing: it would date soon the way fruits and vegetables date when kept for a long time in a fridge.

Still, painful or not, this was the choice, or so it seemed. Either to float freely in the Mallarmé-like air of pure poetry or to make a sacrifice and say something that would have a bearing for the society. Either to

become an aesthete and to spend half of one's life in European museums and libraries, to cherish the rarified air of French Symbolists –or to forget the heavenly pleasures of art and to delve into rather graceless societal problems. There were essays and entire books that discussed this divide, there were friendships gone astray because of the divide, because of different choices made by ex-friends, there was a mood of surrender, of resignation almost-choosing an honest, courageous stance in poetry was seen as a resignation from beauty, from a higher vocation.

Even one of the greatest poets active then, Zbigniew Herbert was not free from these doubts, as he wrote in his well-known poem *To Ryszard Krynicki–A Letter*:

*Not much will remain Ryszard in truth not much
of the poetry of our mad century Rilke Eliot sure
a few other worthy shamans who knew the secret
of word spells time-resistant forms without which
no phrase deserves memory and speech is like sand (...)*

*we came too easily to believe beauty does not save
that it leads wantons from dream to dream to death
none of us was able to wake the dryad of a poplar
or to decipher the handwriting of the clouds
that is why no unicorn will stray across our tracks
we'll raise no ship in the bay no peacock no rose
nakedness was left to us and we stand here naked
on the right the better side of the triptych
The Last Judgement*

*we took public affairs onto our lanky shoulders
the battle with tyranny lies the recording of pain
but our foes –you admit– were despicably small (...)*



*so little joy –sister of the gods– in our poems Ryszard
too few glimmering twilights mirrors wreaths ecstasies
nothing just obscure psalmodies the whine of animulae
urns of ash in a burned-out garden (...)*

Interestingly, in this poem the lofty, classical *topoi* are mentioned only in the mode of preterition ("I won't mention here..."), but brought up nonetheless... What a cunning... To have both, the renunciation and the thing that one has renounced. Preterition is a very useful rhetorical figure –for those who can't decide between the two options...

Was it necessary? Was the divide between the 'ethical' and 'aesthetical' literature (poetry) indispensable? Did it –and does it now– have the force of a law? Let's read another Herbert's poem, *Nike Who Hesitates*:

*Nike is most beautiful at the moment
when she hesitates
her right hand beautiful as a command
rests against the air
but her wings tremble*

*For she sees
a solitary youth
he goes down the long tracks
of a war chariot
on a gray road in a gray landscape
of rocks and scattered juniper bushes*

*that youth will perish soon
right now the scale containing his fate
abruptly falls
toward the earth*

*Nike would terribly like
to go up
and kiss him on the forehead*

*but she is afraid
that he who has never known
the sweetness of caresses
having tasted it
might run off like the others
during the battle*

*Thus Nike hesitates
and at last decides
to remain in the position
which sculptors taught her
being mightily ashamed of that flas of emotion*

*she understands
that tomorrow at dawn
this boy must be found
with an open breast
closed eyes
and the acid obol of his country
under his numb tongue
(both poems translated by Alissa Valles)*

I read this poem not only in the most obvious way –the goddess who, in a strong contradiction with the disposition attributed to her by the Greeks (we should realize Nike definitely wasn't a member of Medecins sans Frontieres, or of any other Human Rights Watch organization; she traveled accompanied by Zelos, Kratos and Bia, Competition, Power and Violence), lives a brief whim of compassion; she has a crush on a

young and pretty boy but after a while remembers who she is and returns to her senses, to her usual comportment. That's maybe too easy. I see the center of the poem in the very action –or non-action rather– of hesitation. Hesitation represents here a moment of suspension which, though short, constitutes a different zone, a different city almost. It seems to me that for Herbert, one of the great lyrical voices of the past century, hesitation meant something absolutely pivotal. His poetic gift pushed him into the realm of the sublime in the most natural way and yet the mean surroundings of his life, the hideous nature of the two totalitarianisms he witnessed and couldn't simply ignore were pulling him in the direction of plain moralistic writing for which his talent was several sizes too big... Herbert is the Nike of this poem. Zbigniew Herbert hesitates; his talent hesitates... and yet hesitation is something like a solution here. The generosity of the poetic gift hesitates when confronted with the world, with the obstacle of reality but the hesitation itself can be understood positively, not as a lack of decision but as a space where poetry victoriously operates

I must say that Herbert's Nike poem has always been for me one of the purest examples of the modern art of poetry. The majestic goddess of victory was so cruel, so merciless in the iron sphere of Greek myth—but here she had been struck by a temporary amnesia (she forgets who she was and what her calling was), became human, fell in love with weakness and fear, with what she was not –and then we have the turn in the last stanzas, suddenly we see the dead boy who could have been saved but was not... Yes, it's also a "patriotic" poem, in the most discreet form possible– almost in the mode of preterition again... A patriotic poem for every nation, it

seems. And, what an irony, the Nike from Samothrace we know from the Louvre when she greets visitors (a humiliation for the proud deity...) is fragile too, fragmentary; we'll probably never know her entire figure, her head, her eyes, her gaze... The goddess of victory had been defeated too, made into a postmodern fragment.

If I imply that it's possible to read it as an *ars poetica* it's because the "hesitation" is so well visible in Herbert's work; not the same hesitation that Nike experiences in this poem but a parallel one—between the indifference of a poetry that cares only for itself and a poetry that knows compassion...

Now let me introduce a metaphor borrowed from a novel for teenagers. I used this metaphor once before if my memory is correct it comes from the Jules Verne novel *The Fifteen-Year-Old Captain*. There's a ship in this novel, a ship taken over by pirates, whose compass gives false indications and at some point it turns out why: an ax had been put underneath it, so that of course the presence of iron changed the way compass worked and the ship followed a wrong route for a long time. This metaphor can be applied to totalitarian countries. In them the compass of human life was a little slant, human choices and dilemmas were a little slant too. A huge chunk of iron was put in them under the compasses of human life and because of that many directions taken were misleading. In particular, I want to argue that the debate, the tension between "ethical" and "aesthetic" poetry was also a byproduct of the general "slant". Why? The fact that the state was the main poet—that the state dictated so much in the domain of meaning—had enormous implications for the way people



thought and behaved. In itself the work of art, be it a poem, a painting, a musical composition, doesn't need at all to be seen in two different contexts, once as an ethical "message", another time (or in other circumstances) as a purely aesthetic artifact. Yes, I know not only totalitarianism pushes us to distinguish these two aspects of art, I know it's possible to find this kind of debate in other countries and places as well but totalitarianism exacerbates this distinction to a large degree and makes out of it a never-healing wound. Also the strong presence of ideology (even if it's not a state ideology) exerts a similar influence, puts iron under compass.

And yet a work of art offers a unity of the ethical and the aesthetic—the link between them is the notion of truth. Gadamer says: "...die Kunst ist nicht ein rein Ästhetisches Phaenomen, sondern in der Kunst werden uns Wahrheiten zugemutet." [Art is not a purely aesthetic phenomenon, in art truths are being put forward] The truth of art is not the same as the truth of science, that's clear; no Karl Popper is required here who would tell us how to check the value of works of art. Art doesn't need to worry whether to look for beauty or for truth, to use the language of John Keats. Poets don't need to go through sleepless nights of deciding which way to choose, whether to be "socially useful" or "aesthetically interesting". A poem tries to speak truly in the condition of a heightened aesthetic awareness, in a rare moment of spiritual intoxication (an intoxication which, paradoxically, is much more sober than the sobriety of the everyday consciousness). In poetry, as in other arts, a moment is recorded when the world has been observed in its glory and shame, in its beauty and misery, in its real being seen not through

any functional lenses, not through any pragmatic planning related to some external aims and purposes but through the pure telescope of a quiet contemplation. Quiet and intoxicated at the same time. We find ourselves in works of art, we find in them the truth of our lives; music is there to sing for us it is our inner life which suddenly comes to us not from the inside, not from where it usually dwells, but from the outside, shaped by different styles, modified by various talents, played by the cello, by oboes, accentuated by drums, made smoother by violins, made more savage by the brass. Our inner life returns to us as if it had circled the earth and finally happily regained its home. Paintings and sculptures show us what mirrors can't; every mirror we encounter is crooked, quite individual in its idiomatic falseness, and only in works of art, through their very eccentricities, the truth appears.

So now I see that my youthful experiences were not isolated, divided; they were not coming from two or three dissimilar realms. The music I listened to spoke in its *legato*, its *staccato*, its *rubato*, in its seductive voice; paintings spoke in the language of design and color, poems acted through metaphors and images and altogether their intent was to capture the incredibly complex domain of our world. They all targeted the complicated, large reality they all tried to put cloth on my naked city, to make it human, not through sweetness though, not through pleasant lies, through truth only. |